

The Times-Dispatch

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1914.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH and Breakfast are served together with unfailing regularity in the best homes of Richmond. Is your morning program complete?

Night Riders

ISN'T it about time civilization should wipe out the last remnant of the Ku Klux and Night Riders, and clear the name of the South of the reproach attending their operations? In the days of reconstruction there was justification for certain local movements to put down certain sorts of crime, but the mob system grew into such an abuse that private grudges more frequently than not were the cause of disgraceful expeditions. Now the Night Riders are becoming active again in Kentucky, in the neighborhood of Bowling Green, and the decent citizens of Butler County have asked for a special grand jury investigation. Under the guise of "possum hunters" they are masking on the road and whipping and killing their victims, chiefly employees of mine operators who do not employ union men. Night-riding used to stand for outraged public opinion where the law failed; now it appears to be the instrument of thugs pure and simple. The sooner night-riding and mob rule generally are swept out of the whole country, without reference to section or apparent necessities of any sort, the sooner law and order will make this country wholly safe for people who wish to be good Americans undisturbed.

Lord Roberts

IT may be imagined that the death of Field Marshal Earl Roberts, as the result of an illness which attacked him while he was on a journey to France to inspect the Indian troops now on the firing line, was as nearly as possible as that brave veteran would have desired it. Perhaps he would have preferred to fall at the head of an army, but the end came, at any rate, while he was in the discharge of his duty—a duty that his advanced age could not induce him to surrender—and with merciful swiftness. His death is a loss to Britain, for his enormous military experience and high talents had been placed since the outbreak of hostilities at the disposition of the War Office, and he had borne an important part in the formulation of the allies' plan of campaign. But, dying, he yet serves the land he loved. He was eighty-two years old, long past the age at which men are wont to lay down the burdens of an active professional career. He had never done so, although he was, of course, on the retired list of the army. He gave himself to his country with the enthusiasm of the youngest subaltern. He flinched from no duty and no sacrifice. Now he has crowned more than sixty years of military service with his gallant life. If the men of England require inspiration, it has been supplied!

A Touch of the Human

PRIVATE in the Coldstream Guards, among others, moved up to relieve the Royal West Kent Regiment, found two soldiers fighting fist fashion amid a shower of shells, which they ignored. What were they fighting about? Why, they got into an argument about the respective merits of the Aston Villa and Queen's Park Rangers football teams!

War is essentially of the devil; football is essentially human. Men shoot and bang away, cut throats and hack a head that appears above the storied trenches, stick bayonets into each other and sack towns, with no personal feeling whatever. The big war, the bloody carnage, is remote from themselves; they are merely parts of machinery bent on destruction. But in the midst of all this, a controversy starting about the merits of favorite football teams touches the personal pride, the human something that stirs individuals. On the instant they drop their guns and all other implements of war, and because it is personal and human, they use their fists.

It would be rather a neat thing if war could be made as personal as football. If the contending armies could settle it all man fashion instead of with guns, it would lighten the load of widows and orphans, and the result would doubtless be quite as satisfactory.

Physical Fitness

ONE inevitable result of the great war is now coming more and more to the front in this country, and that is a searching of heart as to our preparation to withstand invasion. Not only has this strengthened the hands of the advocates of a larger army and navy, but it has caused many sober and peace-loving men to inquire uneasily as to the mere physical fitness of our men of military age, and it is on that fitness that military efficiency to a great extent rests.

We have many athletes in this country, more "stars" than any other can boast, but we are far from being a characteristically athletic people. We take our exercise vicariously, usually by watching hired men play baseball. In our schools and colleges a few students court hypertrophy of the heart to "make" teams and records, while the very

large majority do little more than sit in the stands and exercise their vocal chords. Attempts are being made to remedy this great evil. In a growing number of primary and secondary schools the students must undergo a physical examination upon entrance, and thereafter follow a prescribed course of training. The mass of the population, however, is left untouched, so far as organized effort is concerned, and from that class must come most of the soldiers in the event of war. If the present conflict results in the adoption of some comprehensive plan for bettering the physical condition of our young men, America will have received a great gain. For physical fitness is as important in times of peace as it is in human butchery is the work at hand.

Beginning a New Era for Richmond

FORMAL and official opening this morning of the Federal Reserve Bank for the Richmond District marks the dawn of a new era in this city's financial history. Hereafter, Richmond will be one of the twelve centers in which the reserves of the country's wealth will be concentrated, and from which they will flow out again, for the sustenance and strengthening of every worthy business enterprise. It is a great thing that this high distinction should have been won, but a greater that it should have been deserved. Richmond must continue to merit this expression of the reserve board's confidence in the stability of her banking institutions and their progressive and expanding usefulness. She has won her place in the sun because of official recognition of her financial and industrial leadership in this section of the country. That leadership must not be surrendered.

Extension of many of the city's commercial activities, following the opening of the regional reserve bank, may be expected with confidence. Division headquarters of great industrial corporations will be established here; new manufacturers will be attracted by the national government's official recognition of this city as the financial center of the district; there will be more and larger applications for funds with which to finance enterprises in Virginia, West Virginia and the Carolinas.

The opening of the Cotton Exchange in New York this morning, to be followed in due course by the exchanges in New Orleans and Liverpool, is expected to exert large influence in relieving depression in the cotton States. Inauguration of the regional reserve banks will reduce reserve requirements from 25 to 18 per cent and increase to that extent the loanable funds of members of the system. Exports are increasing at New York and other ports. Wholesale and retail trade in almost every section of the country is in a more healthful condition. Only the railroads and the steel industry, the latter so largely dependent on the prosperity of the former, continue to linger in the doldrums, and it is predicted that the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the roads' application for permission to increase their rates will make their operation profitable, restore confidence and justify orders for rails and other equipment that will put the rolling mills back to work.

Altogether, the business outlook is bright, and nowhere brighter than here at home.

Fortifications on the Panama Canal

THERE will be hasty conclusions, doubtless, that the \$12,000,000 expenditure for fortifications in the Panama Canal Zone has been proved, by the experience of the present war, to have been absolutely valueless. But such conclusions will not be sound.

It is quite true that the war has demonstrated that fixed fortifications are incapable of resisting the heavy siege guns of a mobile army. Liege, Namur, Antwerp and the whole bristling array of Belgian and French fortresses that crumbled like houses of cards before the German artillery leave no escape from this conclusion.

But there must be a mobile army by which these heavy guns are supported—force sufficient to permit their emplacement and reasonably uninterrupted operation. They are not transported from point to point without enormous difficulty, for the big ones weigh 100 tons, it is to be remembered, and demand good roads as well as a protecting army.

If such an army were conveyed to Panama along with the big guns, they would make short work, doubtless, of the canal's defenses. But the transportation of this army would be a great undertaking in itself, and the American fleet would have to be destroyed before the invaders could land.

If the foe should pin his faith to a paval onslaught, the fortifications that have been erected in the Canal Zone, doubtless, would prove entirely adequate. At any rate, ships of war in the present conflict have not ventured to attack strongly fortified coast cities—and they are quite unlikely to do so.

The annual report of Colonel Goethals, Governor of the Canal Zone, wherein an allusion to the fortifications appears, records briefly the final stages of the canal's construction. Largely the report is technical, but it exhibits throughout the high professional skill, dauntless resolution and unmitigated energy by which this great engineering feat has been accomplished. Colonel Goethals has no word to speak of his own directing part in this enterprise, and no such word was necessary. The work he has done has written his name imperishably in the world's annals.

Hear lots of talk about what a newspaper owes its readers. Contrariwise, its readers frequently owe their newspapers a year's subscription.

"A scraping noise can sometimes be traced to a valve spring," says a motor doctor. "More often it can be traced to 'Please remit.'"

The Australians seized their chance to give it to the Emden where the ship had given it to so many others—the Cocos.

Give the Germans credit. They have assured Secretary Bryan that they will permit America to feed the Belgians.

Hope that the agricultural convention at Washington finds a way to denationalize the boarding-house prune.

Carranza wants Villa effaced, but that gentleman's pictures do not show the requisite type of visage.

Wonder if the Germans have as much difficulty in pronouncing Ypres as they have in taking it.

Writer says that some bolognas are diseased. Sure. Made out of the mad dogs of war.

SONGS AND SAWS

**The Knockers.**  
Who n'er a kindly word will say  
Of any man or any nation?  
Who goes around from day to day  
Bragging his exasperation?  
Who's n'r a kinder word will say  
To the man who goes to seed—  
Beyond repair, beyond ragaling—  
Quite given up to graft and greed—  
And he's the one pure soul remaining?

**Why that's the Knockers, friends, who sing  
This cheerful song of men and things!  
Oh, that he could be put away  
Where none would hear his mournful lay!**

**The Peevishest Say:**  
Anyhow, those clouds that were doing business  
in Richmond yesterday had no silver lining.  
If there was any lining at all, it must have  
looked exactly like a water tank.

**Perfect Success.**  
Grubbs—How did you make  
out in that fox hunt you were  
telling me about?  
Stubbs—Fine, fine! My  
horse cleared every jump.  
Grubbs—And I suppose you  
were in at the death?  
Stubbs—No, but my horse  
was.

**Looking to the Future.**  
"It delights me," said the Prominent Citizen,  
"that this dust and dirt proposition is at last  
beginning to attract the attention of the public.  
I have some hope now that in the future I may  
be suitably attired without wearing a linen  
duster in dry weather and rubber boots after it  
begins to rain."

**What It Means.**  
"Father," said the bright, but inquisitive  
youngster, "what is meant by 'an imperative  
necessity'?"  
"That, my son," replied his indulgent parent,  
"is your mother's synonym for a new hat."

**Close.**  
You may recall close shaves you've known—  
And some, perhaps, that you have felt—  
But in the field political  
Nevada now has won the belt;  
For in the last place the  
So many patriots changed their coats  
That Nevada kept his Senate seat  
By eight and thirty measly votes.

THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

From Staunton, where there was recently  
blowing the moon, comes the Daily Leader,  
saying: "We speak glibly of the horrors of war,  
but at heart most of us have the blood lust  
more or less developed." When that observa-  
tion in the Reader was read by Editor Dick  
Beirne, of the Covington Virginian, it appar-  
ently excited his apprehension, for in a subse-  
quent issue of the Virginian we find it quoted,  
with this adjuration attached: "Now, say, you  
fellows, quit that scuffling down there." Ob-  
viously, the impressionable Beirne is not con-  
vinced that the tide of "blood lust," which was  
less than a fortnight ago at its flow in Staunton  
has reached its ebb.

The Southside Sentinel, of Urbanna, proud of  
the prosperity of the capital of the Old Domi-  
nion and always eager to proclaim that pride,  
free this salute: "It is now a \$2,000,000 post-  
office building that Greater Richmond is prom-  
ised, and that notwithstanding her present pos-  
session has recently been doubled in capacity.  
Growing some, to be sure." It is worthy of  
note that the Sentinel is the paper carrying at  
the top of its first page the motto, "Pluck, Per-  
severance, Progress."

The Virginia Citizen, of Irvington, prints a  
glowing tribute to the prowess of Joffre, be-  
ginning "Joffe!" We may not now know how to  
correctly pronounce it, but the name will go  
down in history, and will be a familiar one to  
students hereafter. It might be added that  
the Germans are calling him names not pro-  
nounced in polite society. Also they may not  
be familiar with his handwriting, but they recognize "his mark."

Editor Camper, of the Fincastle Herald, makes  
this disrespectful allusion to the pending strife  
between Mexico's patriots, liberators and  
saviors: "The little disgraceful side-show in  
Mexico still continues to disgust the world.  
They don't know what civil liberty means in  
that benighted country." Sounds like the com-  
plaint of a spectator who has bought a seat in  
the grand stand and wants his money back.

Editor Rathbun, of the South Hill Enterprise,  
solicitously inquires: "Boston has a campaign  
on to make chorus girls wear more clothes.  
What is to become of the bald-head row in  
Beantown?" There is none such in the Hub.  
It is the noncringing coronofrontal now—if  
that is what the editor has reference to.

"Nothing like a famine to make Europeans  
like corn," is a comment of the Petersburg  
Index-Appeal. Nothing but a famine could  
make some mighty good Americans like corn-  
bread.

"The administration is still standing pat at  
Veracruz," the Newport News Times-Herald  
opines. Which reminds us that the adminis-  
tration has patiently stood almost everything  
else at Veracruz. The time to sit down on  
somebody there may come.

Gossip from "Down Home"

Grim doubt of some of the latest scientific  
discoveries continues to rear its head in the  
Tarheel State. A female anthropologist says she  
can, by feeling one's pulse, tell whether a wit-  
ness is telling the truth or a lie. "We doubt it,"  
says the Greensboro Record. "Some men have  
a poker face; others have not. Some men,  
plenty of them, can tell a whopper and their  
pulse will never be affected in the least." There's  
a note of warning tragedy in that paragraph.  
Perhaps the writer is among those who have  
not a poker face and has had mournful experi-  
ences with one of those who have.

"Newspapers are inviting Colonel Roosevelt  
to come into the Democratic party," says the  
Wilmington Star. "We can't see how a man  
who is a high protectionist, is committed to  
third termism and has autocratic rather than  
Democratic sentiments, could make a consistent  
Democrat, however honest he may be." And  
in addition to these exceedingly sound reasons  
for the Colonel's exclusion, there is the further  
fact that of late he has worn the aspect  
and suffered the fate of a political Jonah. We  
have some of those folks aboard our craft al-  
ready—in the New York stateroom, notably—and  
we don't need any more.

"As a rule," muses the Lexington Dispatch,  
"there is not much blind tugging down in  
community that has a healthy sentiment against  
it. The breaking up of lawlessness of any  
character in any community depends largely on  
the good people of that community." Some-  
times, of course, it depends also on the bad  
people, especially in this matter to which the  
Dispatch refers. A good, husky thirst, nursed  
and nurtured over a long period of years is  
wont to die hard.

There are some horribly unkind folks in this  
world, including the editor of the Asheville  
Citizen, who delivers himself of the following:  
"Twisting the proverbial utterance to suit his  
convenience, the Richmond Times-Dispatch de-  
clares that 'everybody loves a fat man.' Mankind  
has generally accepted the reverse as being  
true, and has looked upon the being of cum-

bersome avardupole as an object of commis-  
eration, which in reality he is. We would not  
enter into controversy with our Richmond con-  
temporaries, but it is dollars to doughnuts that  
a fat man wrote the editorial, whistling when  
going through a churchyard. Where on earth  
does a fat man shine? Nowhere. Who calls  
for a fat man in the business world? Nobody.  
What can a fat man do in the field of ath-  
letics? Nothing. He is long on weight and  
always short on wind." With the thin man,  
of course, the situation that last sentence ex-  
pounds is reversed. Caesar declared, it will be  
recalled, that "Cassius hath a lean and hun-  
gry look. Such men are dangerous." They are  
they are—and not least dangerous when they  
sit on the editorial tripod and wield the spear  
that knows no brother.

War News Fifty Years Ago

(From the Richmond-Dispatch, Nov. 16, 1864.)

All of the lines fronting on Petersburg and  
Richmond have been remarkably peaceful for  
the past several days. There is a rumor that  
large bodies of Federal troops have for the past  
twenty-four hours or more been passing to the  
north of the James, and this leads to the  
belief that General Grant contemplates another  
advance on the north side, while he makes a  
feint on the south side. General Lee is well  
up to these tricks, and is ready to meet Grant  
on his own ground.

It is very evident that the enemy is striving  
to strengthen their north side line from Fort  
Harrison to Signal Hill, so as to bring it down  
to the river side parallel with our own  
defenses. But they will have to do a good deal  
of heavy fighting to accomplish that thing.

General Forrest officially reports as follows:  
"My Tennessee River expedition has so far  
resulted in a loss to the enemy of four gun-  
boats of eight guns each, fourteen steamers,  
seventeen barges and immense quantities of  
quartermasters' stores found and burned on the  
wharves. The burning is still going on."

Northern papers report that Sherman has  
burned Atlanta. There is no confirmation of  
the report here, but quite likely it is true. It  
sounds just like Sherman.

There is no longer any doubt of the fact that  
the Confederate cruiser Florida has been cap-  
tured by the Federals in the harbor of Bahia,  
Brazil. The capture was made by the Federal  
gunboat Wachusett, and the thing was done  
in violation of all the laws of neutrality.

Immediately upon his re-election to the  
presidency of the Northern States, Lincoln  
issued a proclamation calling for 1,000,000 more  
men to help put down the "rebellion."

The Confederate Congress seems to be at a  
standstill. There was nothing doing in either  
house yesterday. The august bodies claim to  
be waiting for reports of committees that have  
been appointed.

The day after Lincoln was re-elected to the  
presidency gold jumped up in New York from  
\$24 to \$27. Wonder what this means?

The second day of the races at the Broad  
Road track was exciting. A large crowd  
was in attendance, and the betting was on the  
high-grade order. The weather was fine, and  
everybody seemed to enjoy the fun. The races  
for the day were the colts of D. MacDonald,  
Tom Green and Dan Ward. MacDonald's colt  
was the winner of the race, and the flying horse  
was pronounced by all to be one of the finest  
runners that has yet appeared on the Broad  
Road grounds.

The Voice of the People

**The Land-Grabbers' Act.**  
To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—While I am sure all that is meant by  
the "land-grabbers' act," it would seem that  
much soil has been grabbed in Virginia when  
parcels of land have been sold for taxes. As I  
understand it, a remedy is being proposed by  
which the lands of the tax-payers, the land shall be  
sold by a court in a regular way at a fair  
price.

Why not go to the root of the matter and  
ascertain why farm lands are being sold for  
taxes? It is not because these lands  
will not produce enough to pay the taxes. And  
if the lands will not produce enough to pay  
the taxes under any farming system hitherto  
adopted on them, why not suggest some plan by  
which the lands shall be made to produce, not  
only enough to pay the taxes, but for the farmer  
and his family? If the State would take the  
lands for taxes and sell them to actual workers  
on such time and terms as might be advisable,  
not only would the lands be removed from the  
hands of the tax-grabbers, but the nonproductive  
land and become profitable to workers and to  
the State.

But why tax industry and capital, anyway? Surely there is nothing needed in Virginia more  
than a few thousand dollars of capital would  
help considerably. As the State has closed  
agents seem to be stationed at every entrance  
to the State ready to tax both the man behind  
the plow and the man behind the man behind  
the plow—the much-needed capital.

SINGLE TAXER.

Richmond, November 11, 1914.

Queries and Answers

**United States Chamber of Commerce.**  
Please tell me whom to address in reference  
to the scope, etc., of the Chamber of Commerce  
of the United States.  
Elliott H. Goodwin, General Secretary, Wash-  
ington, D. C.

**Coins, Etc.**  
Lists from T. C. Coleman, H. L. Peters, H. N.  
and Robert W. Withers contain nothing of  
premium value.

**Black and White.**  
Can you inform me whether a sewing machine  
could be legally as much a necessity to a negro  
family as to a white one?  
S. H. ALEXANDER.

**Regional Bank.**  
What direct advantage does the individual  
derive from the regional bank?

**SOCIALIST.**  
The advantage of stable currency which will  
be elastic enough to meet all ordinary conditions  
is so apparent in its effect on business generally  
that the individual ought not to hope for per-  
sonal and peculiar aid to himself. In common,  
the individual is expected to have no dealings  
with the regional bank. Its customers are other  
banks, which stand to it in the position which  
the depositor sustains to the ordinary bank.

The Bright Side of Life

**Everything.**  
"Where," said the land agent, addressing an  
audience of possible purchasers, "where else on  
the face of the globe will you find in one place  
copper, tin, iron, cotton, hemp, grain, game?"  
A voice replied: "In the pockets of my youngest  
son."—New York Globe.

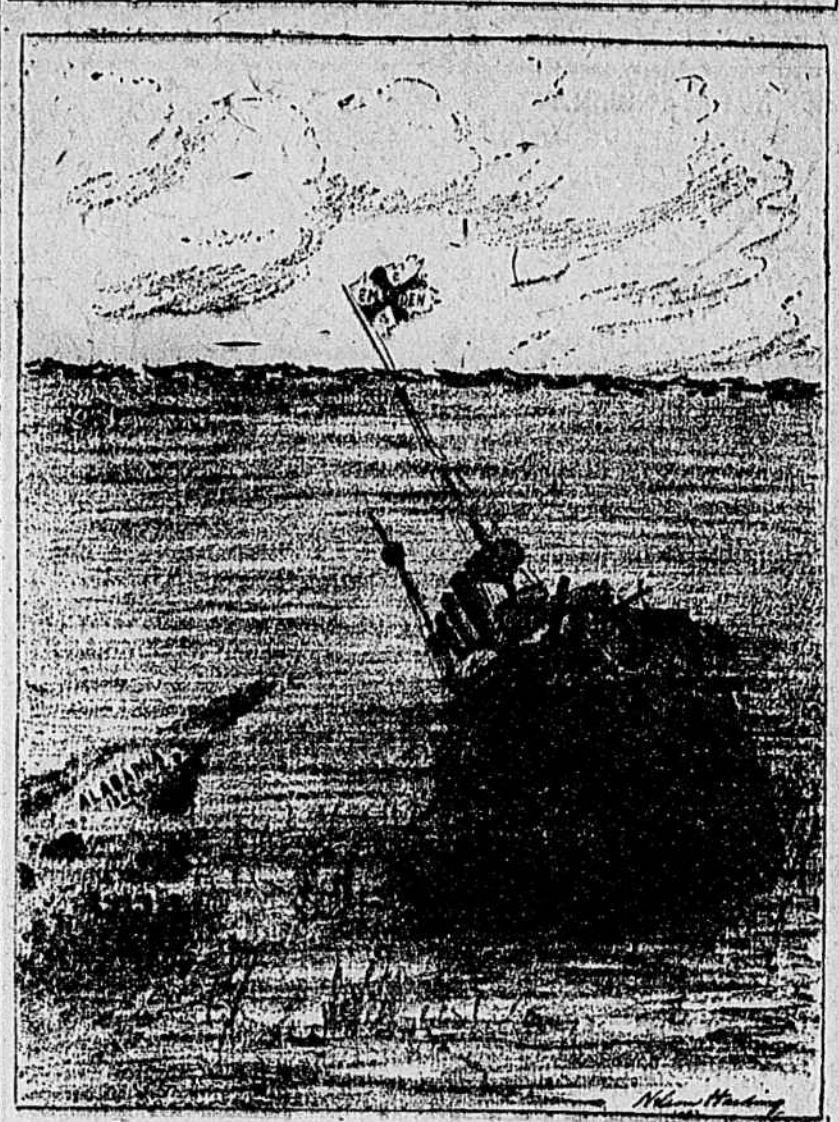
**Not for Him.**  
The Neighbor—I hear you're going abroad.  
Well, remember when in Rome do as the  
Romans do.  
Hi Hardnut—Mebbe I will, but I ain't goin'  
to try to read by the light of one o' them Roman  
candles.—Pathfinder.

**A Warning.**  
"What are you cutting out of the paper?"  
An item about a California man securing a  
divorce because his wife went through his  
pockets.  
"What are you going to do with it?"  
"Put it in my pocket."—Everybody's Magazine.

**Wasted Energy.**  
The Neighbor—I hear you're going abroad.  
Well, remember when in Rome do as the  
Romans do.  
Hi Hardnut—Mebbe I will, but I ain't goin'  
to try to read by the light of one o' them Roman  
candles.—Pathfinder.

THE HALL OF FAME

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

WAR AS MEANS OF GRACE

LONDON, November 8.—That war is a  
"means of grace" is now part of  
the accepted creed of all the churches  
save one. If not war in general, at  
any rate this present war is a whole-  
some spiritual tonic. According to the  
Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Tem-  
ple, the nation is to-day "living on a  
lofter plane" than when the war  
broke out. It is more "responsive to  
the call of spiritual things." The clergy  
of all denominations are rejoicing  
in the larger opportunity that is com-  
ing to them, not only in their in-  
creased congregations, but in the  
more attentive hearing they are re-  
ceiving.

This is not the only evidence to sup-  
port the theory that grapes do some-  
times grow on thorns and figs on  
thistles. Lord Kitchener's call for re-  
cruits has awakened a spirit of self-  
sacrifice in all classes of the commu-  
nity. If we may believe the "Times"  
History of the War, it has even been  
an effective agent in the reclamation  
of habitual criminals. According to  
that publication: "It is not a coin-  
cidence that throughout Britain the  
period was marked by a lessening of  
the past tense, inasmuch as the  
history is to be regarded not as a  
contemporary diary, but as a stand-  
ard work of reference in which every-  
thing that has happened in true perspective  
is set out in a clear and concise manner.  
There may seem to be no direct an-  
tagonism between a scheme of world-  
wide peace and a scheme of world-  
wide peace, but the latter is a bur-  
glar hatched at Potsdam and a bur-  
glar hatched in Whitechapel. But  
many a burglar, moved to honest in-  
dignation by the German outrage, en-  
listed as a soldier or found some other  
way to declare himself on the side  
of the right; and thus many police  
had set free to protect the nation's  
interests, instead of watching the  
criminals."

When even Bill Sykes has thus  
gained the right to wear an unaccus-  
tomed halo, it is scarcely necessary  
to say that the normally law-abiding  
people are not lacking in their devo-  
tion to the common weal. This un-  
selfish zeal is frankly and thankfully  
recognized even by those who are still  
of the opinion that the war has closed  
affinities with hell than with heaven.

"Amid the darkness," says the  
Friend, "one of the few gleams of  
hope, which we should prize and cher-  
ish, is that, while but a few weeks  
ago English people were divided into  
a variety of groups of persons, each  
to get something from the state in  
support of their particular interests,  
now the country, and in its smaller  
divisions, is one solid mass of persons  
banded together to give something to  
the state."

And not to the state only, as many  
a Belgian and French refugee would  
bear grateful witness. If anything,  
the relief of distress of all kinds in  
London since the war has closed  
not so much from indifference as from  
an over-supply of untrained enthu-  
siasm. Everybody is not only willing  
to help, but anxious to help, and the  
problem known to the state is how  
to get something from the state in  
support of their particular interests,  
now the country, and in its smaller  
divisions, is one solid mass of persons  
banded together to give something to  
the state."

These are obvious gains of the war.  
What is there to set on the other side?  
For one thing, there is the plague of  
evil-mindedness which is spreading  
over the whole country. The British  
troops through England did no par-  
ticular harm, but when the same in-  
dustry is shown in imagining and cir-  
culating stories of German atrocities  
it is a more serious matter.

A short time ago a thoroughly  
trustworthy correspondent of mine re-  
peated to me a tale that was current  
in his neighborhood. An English doc-  
tor, who had been in the war, was  
both hands cut off by the Germans.  
The alleged authority for the story  
was a letter from the wife of a Meth-  
odist minister, who had apparently a  
personal knowledge of the case. The  
story seemed a precise enough tale, and  
as I happened to know the minister  
mentioned, I wrote to ask him for par-  
ticulars. He replied as follows:

"It is true that we have heard of  
a doctor in one of our hospitals who  
had his hands cut off by the enemy  
while he was attending to our wound-  
ed on the battlefield; but we do not  
know his name, nor in what hospital  
he is."

My correspondent had further told  
me that a local doctor of his acquaint-  
ance knew of a similar incident, a  
nurse from his own old hospital being  
the victim. I ascertained the name  
of the hospital—one of the largest in  
London—and sent the secretary of it  
a letter of inquiry. Here is his reply:

"We have no information whatever  
as to any nurse of ours having been  
injured in any way whatever by the  
Germans. We have had several re-  
ports before us as to patients who  
have been maltreated by the Germans  
being in this hospital, but no such  
cases have been admitted here at all."

Another variant of the same legend  
came to my ears a few days later. It  
was the tale of a lady who, when call-  
ing on a friend who had taken two  
Belgian refugee children, was shocked  
to find that both of them had their  
hands cut off. On the same day, from  
a quiet different source, I heard of a  
lady who had offered to take a Belgian  
child, and found, on going up to com-  
plete arrangements, that the child  
allotted to her had been similarly mal-  
treated. Utterly upset by the discovery,  
she declared that she could not possibly  
take her home a child in that  
condition. "Oh, I do wish you would,"  
said the relief worker, "we have so  
many of them." Whereupon a letter to  
the secretary of the war refugees  
committee brought this answer:

"We are in receipt of your letter in  
which you inquire with reference to  
certain alleged mutilations to Belgian  
refugees. In reply we beg to inform  
you that the director of public proce-  
dures is making all inquiries regard-  
ing these rumors, and as yet we have  
no heard of any confirmation of the  
same."

The public prosecutor might perhaps  
turn his attention also to the Official  
Press Bureau, which issued a story, on  
the authority of a letter from a Ger-  
man soldier of "a little French lad  
certain alleged mutilations to Belgian  
refugees. In reply we beg to inform  
you that the director of public proce-  
dures is making all inquiries regard-  
ing these rumors, and as yet we have  
no heard of any confirmation of the  
same."